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the Royal Bodyguard, and rescues
Swee'pea from the dreaded MISERMITES!

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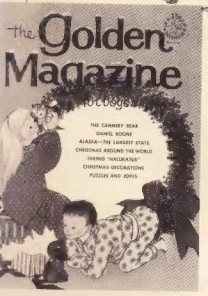

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GK-11

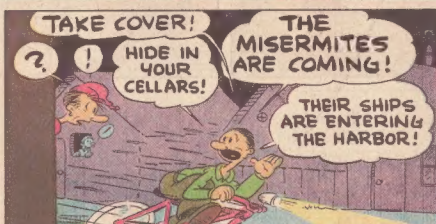
MISERMITES!

OR

"I'D RATHER HAVE TERMITES!"

IT'S MIDNIGHT IN THE PEACEFUL SEAPORT TOWN OF SEAWET— ALL OF THE INHABITANTS ARE ASLEEP AND CERTAINLY NOT DREAMING OF THE HORRIBLE MONSTERS FAST APPROACHING THEIR HOMES FROM THE DARKNESS OF THE SEA —— BUD SAGENDORF

A LONELY LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER IS JARRED FROM HIS ROUTINE DUTIES WHEN HIS LIGHT PICKS UP THE MENACE FROM THE SEA ——



WITHOUT A MOMENT'S LOSS, HE DASHES INTO THE SLEEPING TOWN TO SPREAD THE ALARM ——

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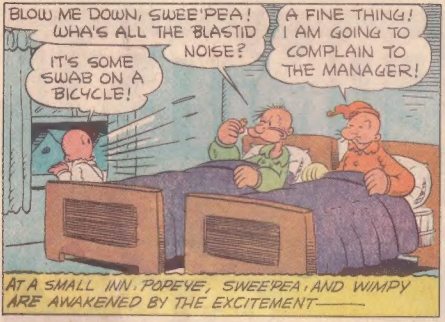

BLOW ME DOWN, SWEE'PEA! WHA'S ALL THE BLASTID NOISE?
IT'S SOME SWAB ON A BICYCLE!
A FINE THING! I AM GOING TO COMPLAIN TO THE MANAGER!
AT A SMALL INN, POPEYE, SWEE'PEA, AND WIMPY ARE AWAKENED BY THE EXCITEMENT——

WELL, WE MIGHT AS WELL GIT UP AN' GIT DRESSED—IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE WE'RE GO'NER GIT ANY MORE SLEEP!

SEE WHO 'AT IS AT THE DOOR, SWEE'PEA!
KNOCK
KNOCK
OKAY, POPEYE!

IT'S THE HOTEL MANAGER, POPEYE!
ALL GUESTS MUST HIDE IN THE CELLAR IMMEDIATELY!
?
?

WHA'SAMATTER? WHY DOES WE HAVE TO HIDE? I DON'T HIDE FROM NOTHIN'!!
OH, DEAR!

GOOD HEAVENS!! DON'T GIVE ME TROUBLE! PLEASE HIDE BEFORE THE MISERMITES GET INTO THE INN—
PLEASE, PLEASE GO TO THE CELLAR!

MY GOOD MAN, WOULD YOU MIND TELLING US WHAT A MISERMITE IS?

TAKE A LOOK OUT THIS WINDOW AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT THEY ARE!
BUT PLEASE HURRY!

THE MISERMITES ARE AN ISLAND RACE OF NASTY LITTLE THIEVES! THEY'LL STEAL ANYTHING— ANYTHING THEY CAN GET THEIR HANDS ON!!
THEY DON'T SOUND VERY PLEASANT!
BLOW ME DOWN!?!
WOW!?! THEY'RE SURE BUSY LITTLE SWABS!
SEAWATER INN
CRACK

AS SOON AS THEY'RE SIGHTED, WE ALL HIDE IN OUR CELLARS!
WHY DOESN'T YA FIGHT 'EM?
FIGHT THEM? HEAVENS!! WE COULDN'T DO THAT!! THEY WOULDN'T FIGHT FAIR - THEY'D USE ROCKS, STICKS, AND ANYTHING ELSE THEY COULD THROW AT US!
WE MIGHT GET HURT!
PHOOEY!! WHATCHA EXPECT 'EM TO DO- PLAY TAG WIT' YA?
?
?
OUT OF THE WAY, STUPID!!
HUH?
?
?
I SAID GET OUT OF THE WAY — I WANT THAT TABLE!!
?
?
!
COME ON, GANG!
OH, DEAR - WHY DOES THIS HAVE TO HAPPEN EVERY SIX MONTHS?
AW- DRY UP!
A VERY AMAZING CUSTOM - DON'T YOU THINK, POPEYE?
I'LL SAY, WIMPY!

QUIT CRYIN'!! IT'S YER OWN FAULT, IF YA JUS' LETS 'EM WALK IN AN' STEAL YER FURNITURE, WIT'OUT PUTTIN' UP A FIGHT!
AT LEAST THEY LEFT ONE STOOL TO SIT ON!!
?
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!
NASTY LITTLE CREATURES— NO MANNERS WHATSOEVER!!
BLOW ME DOWN, WIMPY. WHERE'S SWEE'PEA?
?
SEE WHAT I MEAN? THEY'LL STEAL ANYTHING!!
?
?
?
?
!
?
!
?
!
?

OH, MY GORSH!?! DOES YA THINK TH' MISERMITES REALLY TOOKED HIM?
HE'S GONE, ISN'T HE?
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
GIT YER HAT AN' COME WIT' ME!!
THERE'S ONE OVER THERE, POPEYE!
HEY, SHORTY! I WANTS TO TALK WIT' YA!!
?
WHAT YA WANT, SAILOR BOY?
WHERE'S ME LI'L BOY KID?
WHY DON'T YA SCRAM? CAN'T YA SEE I'M BUSY?
IMAGINE! BOTHERIN' A GUY WHEN HE'S STEALIN' A SLEDGE HAMMER!!
?
THE NOIVE OF HIM!
WHAM

WHY, YA LI'L SWAB, I YAM GO'NER BUST YA INTO LI'L - - - BLOW ME DOWN - WHERE IS HE?
THE SCOUNDREL RAN OFF TOWARD THE DOCKS IMMEDIATELY AFTER STRIKING YOU!
WE'VE GOT TO CATCH ONE OF 'EM SWABS TO FIND OUT WHERE SWEE'PEA IS - I'LL TAKE THIS SIDE OF TOWN AN' YOU COVER THE OTHER!
TWO HOURS LATER -
AHOY, WIMPY, DID YA CATCH ONE?
I DIDN'T EVEN SEE ONE!
NEITHER DID I - THEY MUSTA CLEARED OUTA TOWN!
THEY'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO - WE WILL FOLLOW THEM TO THEIR OWN ISLAND!
ABOARD ONE OF THE MISERMITES' BOATS -
I GOT A BATHTUB!
I GOT TWO DOORS!
I GOT A BED!
ROAD CLOSED
I GOT A RADIO!
BUT I GOT SWEE'PEA!!
?

ACCORDING TO THE CHART THE HOTEL MANAGER GIVED US, WE SHOULD BE THERE IN A COUPLE OF HOURS!
THERE YOU ARE, YOUR ROYAL, THIEVING MAJESTY!
YIPE! IT'S ALIVE!
?
?
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SWIPING SOMETHING WE'LL HAVE TO FEED?
OH, NASTY OF NASTIESTS, LET ME EXPLAIN – THIS IS THE BOY CHILD OF POPEYE, THE SAILOR. IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE YOUR ROYAL BODYGUARD HAS HAD A FIGHT – POPEYE IS SURE TO COME AFTER HIS KID AND THEN ZOOG WILL GET SOME NEEDED PRACTICE!
HM!?! – WHAT YOUR LYING MOUTH SAYS IS TRUE!
CALL MY MINISTERS FOR A MEETING IN THE ROYAL PLOTTING ROOM!
WARNING WATCH YOUR NEIGHBOR HE'S A THIEF TOO-
REMEMBER HE WHO GRABS AND RUNS – WILL GRAB AGAIN –
ROYAL PLOTTING TABLE
OUR MOTTO I STEAL YOU STEAL WE STEAL
?
?
THIS, YOU THIEVING MINISTERS, IS LIVE BAIT FOR A FIGHTING SAILOR – WE WILL SOON HAVE A CHANCE TO WATCH MY BODYGUARD WORK!!

THAT MUS' BE THE MISERMITE ISLAND RIGHT AHEAD OF US!
HOW ARE YOU GOING TO APPROACH THEM ON THE RETURN OF SWEE'-PEA?
WE'LL TAKE 'EM BY SUSPRIZE AND FORCE OUR WAY INTO THE KINGS PALACE!
GO TELL HIS THIEVING ROYAL HIGHNESS THAT POPEYE'S SHIP IS NEARING THE ROYAL DOCK!
OKAY! OKAY!
WELCOME TO MISERMITE ISLAND _ WE'VE BEEN ANXIOUSLY WAITING FOR YOU !!
? ?
IT SEEMS WE WERE EXPECTED!
I DOES NOT UN'NERSTAN' IT!
FOLLOW ME, PLEASE!
HEY, PETE, TELL THE BIG SHOT THAT I'VE GOT THE TWO JOES HE WAS EXPECTING!
OKAY!
HIS ROYAL MAJESTY, RULER OF ALL MISERMITES, WILL SEE YOU NOW_ PLEASE GUARD YOUR VALUABLES, HIS MAJESTY DOESN'T LIKE TO BE TEMPTED TO STEAL IN THE THRONE ROOM!
BLOW ME DOWN!! SWEE'PEA, IS YA OKAY?
IF THAT'S POPEYE_ MY BODYGUARD WON'T HAVE TO PUT UP MUCH OF A FIGHT!!
AHOY, POPEYE!

AHOY, SHORTY, I HAS COME FER MY LI'L BOY KID - UNCHAIN HIM OR I'LL TEAR 4ER PALACE TO PIECES!
?
YOU WILL HAVE A CHANCE TO WIN BACK THE YOUNG MAN!
CLICK
WIMPY, I GUESS WE WILL HAVE TO --- BLOW ME DOWN!! WHERE'S WIMPY?
WHAT HAS YA DONE WIT' WIMPY ?
? ?
CLICK
THUMP
GREETINGS, OL' PAL!!

BLOW ME DOWN, WIMPY! WHERE IS WE ?
I'M NOT SURE, POPEYE!
IT MUS' BE A DUNGEON UNDER THE THRONE ROOM!
I HASTA GIT OUT AN' SAVE SWEE'PEA FROM 'EM NASTY LI'L SWABS!
I WISH THEY'D TURN ON SOME LIGHTS!
THANK YOU!
CLICK
GORSH! THIS IS A REAL PRISING! THE WALLS IS SOLID CONCRETE!
QUITE SOLID, I'D SAY- NOT EVEN A DOOR!
WE IS IN A TOUGH SPOT, WIMPY!
INDEED, YOU ARE!! HA! HA! UNLESS YOU DO AS HIS MAJESTY ORDERS, YOU WILL STAY THERE!
WHERE'S A GUY WHAT SAID 'AT ?
HIS VOICE CAME THROUGH THAT SMALL HOLE- IT'S THE ONLY OPENING IN THIS CELL!
?

HIS ROYAL THIEVING MAJESTY WISHES TO KNOW IF YOU WILL FIGHT FOR THE SAFE RETURN OF SWEE'PEA?
TELL THE ROYAL PICKPOCKET THAT I'LL FIGHT HIS WHOLE BLASTID COUNTRY SINGLEHANDED!
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY- ALL HE WISHES TO KNOW IS IF YOU'LL FIGHT THE ROYAL BODYGUARD!
!
?
YA MEANS JUS' ONE MAN? PHOOEY! I'LL FIGHT HIM WIT' ONE HAND!
YOU WILL FIGHT HIM WITH TWO HANDS OR THE DEAL'S OFF- HE NEEDS EXERCISE AND WE DON'T WANT IT TOO EASY FOR HIM!
OKAY, I WILL FIGHT HIM ANY WAY YA SEZ!
FINE! FINE!
HA! HA!
WHEN DOES I FIGHT HIM?
RIGHT NOW! JUST FOLLOW ME AND I'LL TAKE YOU TO ZOOG!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! THEY'S A DOOR THERE!
!
!

COME ON, WIMPY, LE'S FOLLOW 'IM!
HERE YOU ARE, POPEYE, SIGN THIS CONTRACT!
DOES I HAVE TO SIGN FER THIS FIGHT?
CERTAINLY! ON MISER-MITE ISLAND, WE TRUST NO ONE - WE DON'T TRUST OUR KING - WHY SHOULD WE TRUST YOU?
?
HEY! THIS THING SEZ IF I LOSES THE FIGHT, I HASTA LEAVE THE ISLAND WIT'OUT SWEE'PEA AND NEVER COME BACK!
THAT'S RIGHT! BUT IF YOU WIN - HA! HA! - WE'LL GIVE YOU BACK YOUR LITTLE BOY!
OKAY, I WILL SIGN IT!
NOW TAKE ME TO THE SWAB 'AT I YAM TO FIGHT!!
THERE HE IS! START FIGHTING AND TRY TO MAKE IT GOOD!
?
?

GOOD HEAVENS, POPEYE! YOU CAN'T FIGHT THAT!! IT WOULD BE MURDER!!
BUT I HASTA, WIMPY!
COME ON, YA BIG SWAB! LE'S START FIGHTIN' — I WANTS TO GET THIS OVER!
CRASH
GOOD HEAVENS!! OH, MY! DEAR-DEAR- THIS IS TERRIBLE!
SPLAT
BAM!!
SPLAT!
DEAR! DEAR!
BANG
POPEYE, YOU'VE BEEN FIGHTING FOR HOURS AND YOU HAVEN'T LANDED A BLOW YET!
HE'S HARD TO GIT TO, WIMPY!
YOU STAY HERE, WIMPY, I YAM GO'NER GIT HIM THIS TIME!
OKAY, BIG BOY, SEE IF YA KIN TAKE ME DOUBLE-TWISKER SOCK!!

GOOD HEAVENS!! MR. ZOOM IS DISINTE-GRATING!
WHA'-TH-??
?
?
?
.?
COME ON, LE'S GIT SWEE'PEA AND GIT OFF OF THIS ISLAND !!
IT WOULD BE A PLEASURE, SIR!!
IMAGINE PUTTIN' A BLASTID MISERMITE-FILLED MACHINE AGAINST ME!
I YAM GLAD YA MADE 'EM PROMISE TO RETURN EVERY-THING THEY HAS STOLEN!
NO DOUBT THEY WILL BEHAVE THEMSELVES FROM NOW ON!!
THE END

Swee'pea
WOW!
?
?
SPLASH
?
-AND DON'T EVER THROW PEBBLES IN MY PUDDLE AGAIN!

POPEYE
WOW!
HOW TO TRAP ANIMALS
HOT DOG!
THERE'S ME TRAP.... NOW ALL I NEED IS SOME BAIT!
I WILL USE A CAN OF SPINACH!
SPINACH
POPEYE WILL BE SURPRISED WHEN I CATCHES A REAL BEAR!
KLOP!
WHEEEE!! I'VE GOT ONE!
? ! ? ?

"I practically blew in," laughed John Hardy, smoothing down his rumpled hair as he entered the house. "Gosh, what a strong wind tonight!"

"You call *that* a strong wind?" scoffed his Uncle Elmo. "You ought to be in a hurricane sometime."

"No, thanks," smiled John, "but I know they do a lot of damage. There should be some way to stop them."

"Right, boy," said Uncle Elmo, "and I did stop one years ago."

John stretched out to enjoy the heat of the fireplace and also the story, though he never knew whether to believe Uncle Elmo's tales or not.

"Back in the thirties," began Uncle Elmo, "I was on a Caribbean Island doing some weather research in the middle of August. That was when the warnings went up."

John turned over to toast his other side. "Most hurricanes do occur in August and September," he agreed.

"You also know they name hurricanes after girls," said Uncle Elmo. "Isabella, as they called this one, was heading straight for our beach. Luckily, she was moving slowly at about ten miles an hour, so I had time to hook up my Hurricane Freezer."

John sat up. "Hurricane freezer? How did it work?"

"Well," answered Uncle Elmo, "a hurricane is circular and the winds whirl around the same way as the hands of a clock. The hot air of the hurricane sucks up a large amount of water vapor. The force expended in one second by a hurricane is equal to several atomic bombs, which meant I had to deal with powerful forces. Now, what would be the best way to break up a hurricane?"

"Hmm," replied John, thinking hard, "stop the hurricane from spinning?"

"Good boy," nodded Uncle Elmo, "and that meant using my ten megawatt anti-gravity machine. I loaded it into my special weatherpatrol plane and flew into the eye of the hurricane where the winds are still.

"There I made some important measurements and found the hurricane to be about 500 miles in diameter. Then I set the controls on the anti-gravity generator and lifted the whole hurricane into the cold stratosphere about fifty miles high, where the temperature is always below zero. That *froze* the moisture which all storm-winds carry and the whole hurricane turned to ice."

"But wouldn't that big chunk of falling ice be dangerous?" asked John.

"No, it came down as icy crystals which melted and turned into gentle rain."

John lifted laughing eyes to his uncle's face. "A good story, Uncle Elmo, except that Isabella couldn't be the name of a hurricane. They only use girls' names with *two* syllables."

"Isbelle, I meant," said Uncle Elmo quickly. "You know—Is-belle—two syllables. Silly of me to forget that was her real name, not Isabella."

"It was even more silly of you," continued John, "to forget that only hurricanes below the equator in the southern hemisphere go *clockwise*, due to earth's rotational effect on winds. In the northern hemisphere where you were, Isbelle—or Isabella—should have whirled *counter-clockwise*."

Uncle Elmo winced. "I guess the only *blowhard* in the Caribbean that day was me."

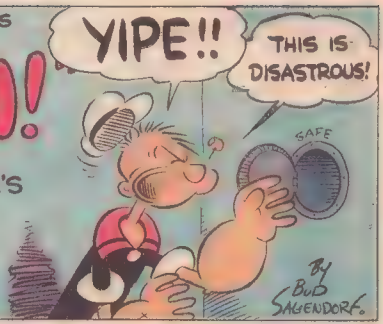
THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS

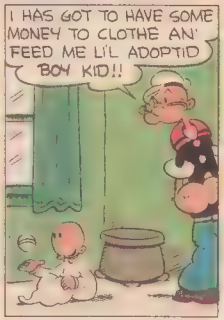
"OUCH!"

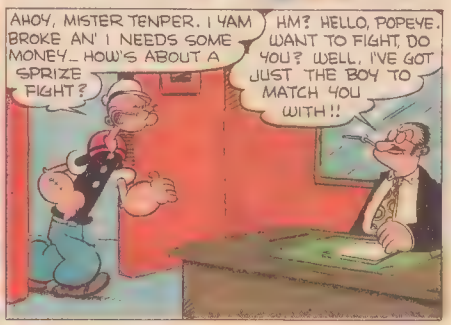
OR

"DON'T HIT HIM - HE'S A HUMAN!!"

STARRING POPEYE






AHOY, MISTER TENPER. I YAM BROKE AN' I NEEDS SOME MONEY - HOW'S ABOUT A SPRIZE FIGHT?
HM? HELLO, POPEYE. WANT TO FIGHT, DO YOU? WELL, I'VE GOT JUST THE BOY TO MATCH YOU WITH!!

WELL, AT'S 'AT!! I WILL HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY AFTER I WINS ME FIGHT!!
D.D. TENPER FIGHT PROMOTER
I HOPES THE SWAB MR. TENPER PICKS FER ME TO FIGHT WILL BE TOUGH ENOUGH TO HAVE SOME FUN WITH !!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! WAS THAT POPEYE THAT JUST CAME OUT OF MR. TENPER'S OFFICE ?
AHOY, OLIVE!! WHATCHA DOIN' DOWNTOWN?
GR-R!
WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN TENPER'S OFFICE??
GR-R-R
I YAM BUSTID, SO I DECIDED TO GO BACK TO WORK - I SIGNED UP WIT' MR. TENPER FER A FIGHT!
BAH!
WHY DOES YA SAY, "BAH"?
BECAUSE I'M MAD!! YOU FIEND!!
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A MONSTER!! DELIBERATELY SETTING OUT TO PUNCH ANOTHER HUMAN BEING!!

YOU CALL FIGHTING WORK! PHOOEY!! I'M ASHAMED TO BE SEEN ON THE STREET WITH YOU!!! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A FIST-THROWING BEAST!!
BUT I HAS TO FIGHT!! I HAS SIGNED UP AN' I HAS TO GO THROUGH WIT' IT!!
BAH!
OKAY! GO AHEAD AND FIGHT!!
BUT IF YOU SO MUCH AS LAY A FINGER ON YOUR OPPONENT, I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!!
? ? ? ? ? ?
WHEN YOU GET IN THE RING, JUST REMEMBER WHAT I SAID!!
MY GOODNESS!! IS THAT POPEYE?
POPEYE, OL' PAL!! WHAT IS WRONG? YOU LOOK AS IF YOU HAD TROUBLES!!
TROUBLE!! I'LL SAY I HAS!! I HAS TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO WIN A SPRIZE FIGHT WIT' OUT FIGHTIN'!!!
HM?
?
SOUNDS RATHER DIFFICULT, OL' PAL!

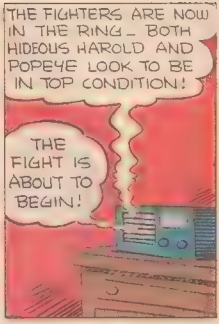
BLA-BLA--AN' THEN SHE SAID BLA--BLA--BLA--SO YA SEES THE SPOT I YAM IN!
I NEEDS THE MONEY!
INDEED I DO!
HOW MUCH MONEY IS THE FIGHT WORTH?
THE WINNER GITS TEN THOUSING AND THE LOSER GITS THREE THOUSING!
HM!!
HM!, OL' PAL, YOU COULD BUY A HEEP OF SPINACH WITH THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS!!
BLOW ME DOWN!?! IS YA SUGGESTIN' THAT I THROWS THE FIGHT?
TAKE IT EASY, OL' FRIEND - YOU DO NEED THE MONEY AND THREE THOUSAND WOULD HELP!!
AFTER ALL, YOU WON'T HAVE TO THROW THE FIGHT--JUST SEE THAT YOU DON'T WIN!
BUT, WIMPY, I HAS NEVER LORST A FIGHT IN ME LIFE - I WOULDN'T KNOW HOW!!
IT'S SIMPLE!
MISS OYL DOESN'T WANT YOU TO HIT A FELLOW HUMAN - VERY WELL - WHEN YOU GET IN THE RING, JUST STAND THERE AND LET HIM HIT YOU UNTIL YOU ARE KNOCKED OUT!!
MY GORSH, WIMPY, I DOESN'T KNOW IF I COULD DO IT - I ALWAYS GITS MAD AND HITS BACK WHENEVER I GITS SMACKED!
YOU WILL HAVE TO PRACTICE!!

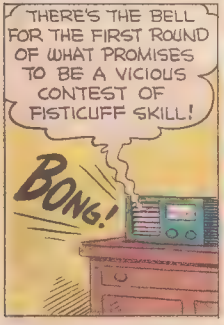
WHAT DOES YA MEAN "PRACTICE", WIMPY?
I'LL SHOW YOU!!
WHA' TH--?
PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT!
SPLAT
WHASA IDEA? YA STRUCK ME!! I YAM GONER LAY YA AMONGST THE SWEE'PEAS!!
GRR
DEFEND YER-SELF!! I YAM COMIN' IN!!
CONTROL YOURSELF, OL' FRIEND- YOU'LL NEVER LOSE THAT WAY!
GR-R-R
ARF! ARF! I SEES WHAT YA MEANS!! YA IS TRYIN' TO TEACH ME NOT TO GIT MAD WHEN I TAKES A PUNCH!
LE'S TRY IT AGAIN!
'TIS A PLEASURE!
BOP
O-O-O-O-O!
THAT'S IT, POPEYE, HOLD IT BACK - YOU'RE DOING MUCH BETTER!
ONE HOUR LATER
I HAS EITHER CONQUERED ME TEMPER OR YER PUNCHES IS LOSIN' THEIR STING!!
ARF! ARF!! LOOK, WIMPY! I YAM LAUGHIN'!
PING
PUFF
PUFF! PUFF!
PUFF! PUFF!

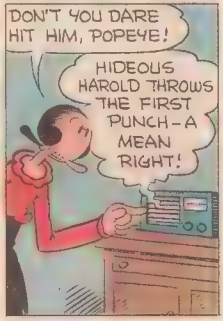
THE NIGHT OF THE BIG FIGHT!

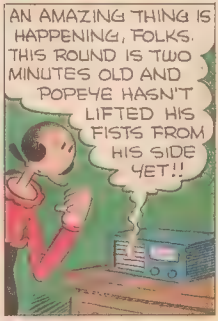
POPEYE HAS BEEN TRAINING FOR A WEEK TO LOSE HIS FIRST FIGHT!

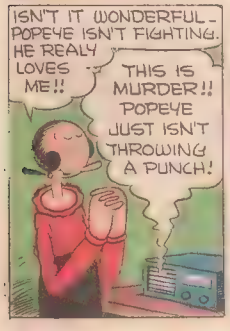
WILL HE BE ABLE TO LOSE ?

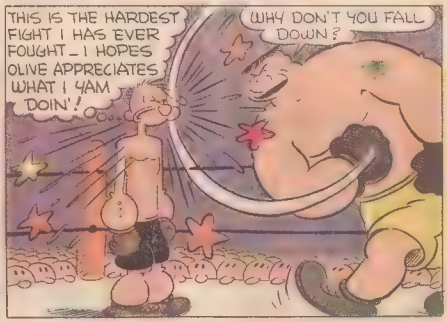


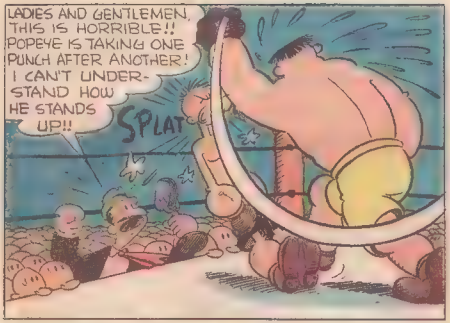


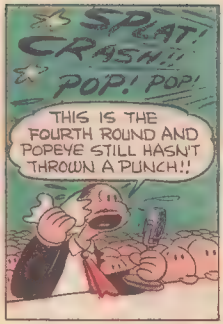


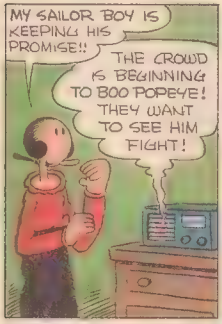


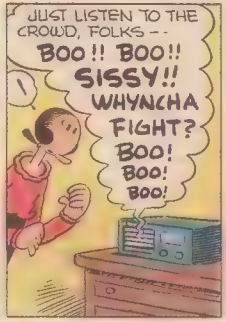




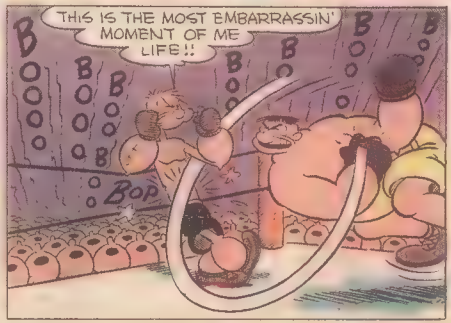

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS HORRIBLE!! POPEYE IS TAKING ONE PUNCH AFTER ANOTHER! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW HE STANDS UP!!
SPLAT


SPLAT! CRASH!! POP! POP!
THIS IS THE FOURTH ROUND AND POPEYE STILL HASN'T THROWN A PUNCH!!

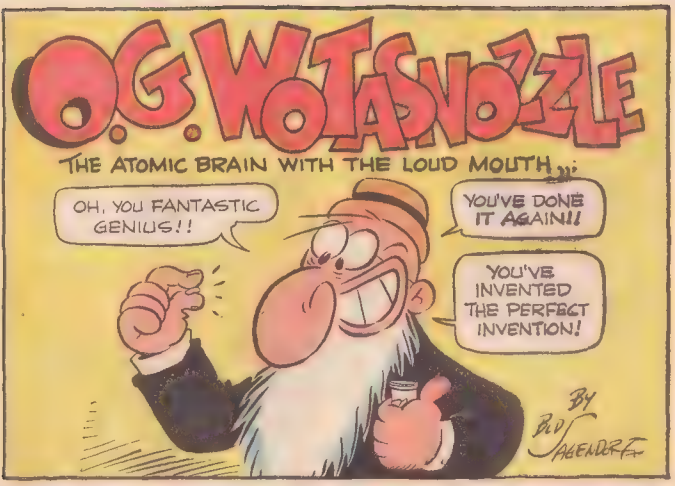

MY SAILOR BOY IS KEEPING HIS PROMISE!!
THE CROWD IS BEGINNING TO BOO POPEYE! THEY WANT TO SEE HIM FIGHT!

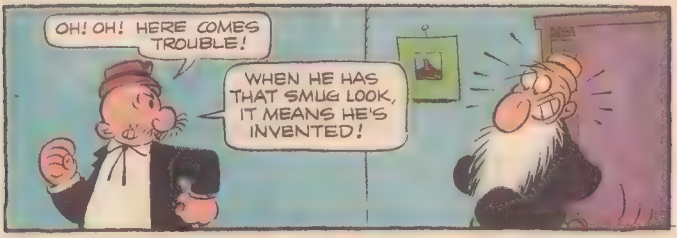

JUST LISTEN TO THE CROWD, FOLKS --
BOO!! BOO!! SISSY!! WHYNCHA FIGHT? BOO! BOO! BOO!

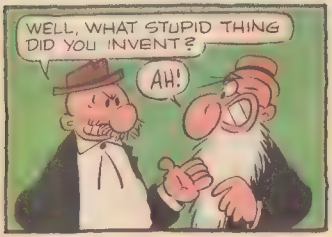
BOOOOOO!! SISSY!! BOOOO!! BOO! BOO! BOO!


THIS IS THE MOST EMBARRASSIN' MOMENT OF ME LIFE!!
BOOOO
BOOOO
BOOOO
BOP

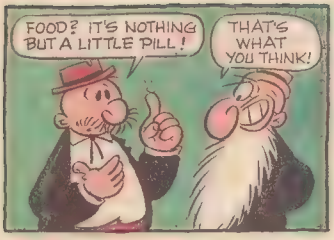
LET ME THROUGH!
I'VE GOT TO SPEAK TO POPEYE!
HIT HIM, POPEYE!! SMASH HIM GOOD!!
BLOW ME DOWN!! YA MEANS IT IS OKAY? I WILL ONLY HIT HIM ONCE, OLIVE!
? ?
CRASH
WHAT A BLOW, FOLKS! POPEYE WITH HIS FIRST AND ONLY PUNCH OF THIS FIGHT HAS KNOCKED HIDEOUS HAROLD RIGHT THROUGH THE ARENA ROOF!
MY GORSH! I SHOULD NEVER LET ALL ME TEMPER GO AT ONCE! I HOPES HE LANDS ON SUMPIN' SOFT!
-AND THEN I DECIDED IT WOULD BE BETTER TO BE SEEN ON THE STREET WITH A FIGHTER THAN A SISSY!
ARF! ARF! OLIVE, I YAM SOMETIMES GLAD 'AT YA IS SO FRICKLE!!
THE END

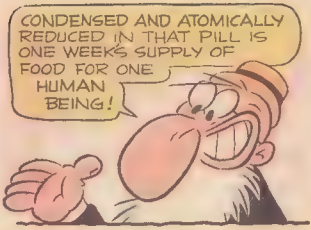

O.G. WOTASNOZZLE
THE ATOMIC BRAIN WITH THE LOUD MOUTH
OH, YOU FANTASTIC GENIUS!!
YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN!!
YOU'VE INVENTED THE PERFECT INVENTION!
BY B.D. HAGENDORF

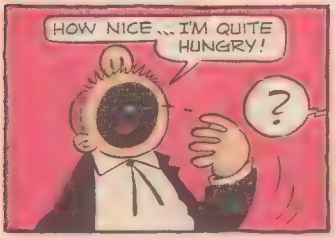

OH! OH! HERE COMES TROUBLE!
WHEN HE HAS THAT SMUG LOOK, IT MEANS HE'S INVENTED!


WELL, WHAT STUPID THING DID YOU INVENT?
AH!

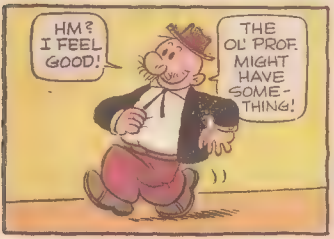
I'M GLAD YOU ASKED!
HERE IT IS-
INSTANT FOOD!


FOOD? IT'S NOTHING BUT A LITTLE PILL!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

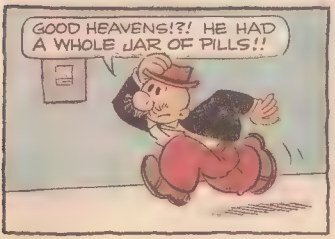

CONDENSED AND ATOMICALLY REDUCED IN THAT PILL IS ONE WEEK'S SUPPLY OF FOOD FOR ONE HUMAN BEING!

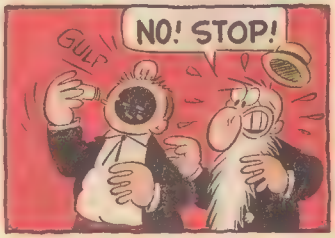

HOW NICE ... I'M QUITE HUNGRY!
?

YOU'VE JUST HAD A WEEK'S FOOD ... YOU WON'T HAVE TO EAT FOR SEVEN DAYS!
SWELL!


HM? I FEEL GOOD!
THE OL' PROF. MIGHT HAVE SOME-THING!

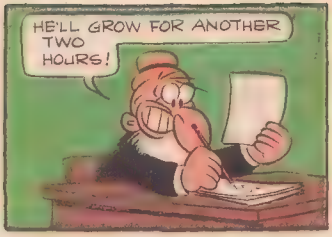
FOR A WHOLE WEEK I DON'T HAVE TO SPEND A CENT ON FOOD!

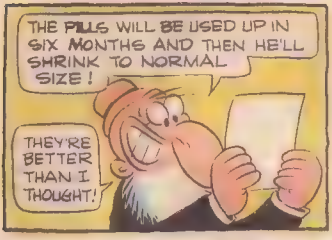

GOOD HEAVENS!?! HE HAD A WHOLE JAR OF PILLS!!

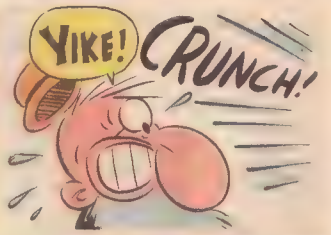

NO! STOP!
GULP

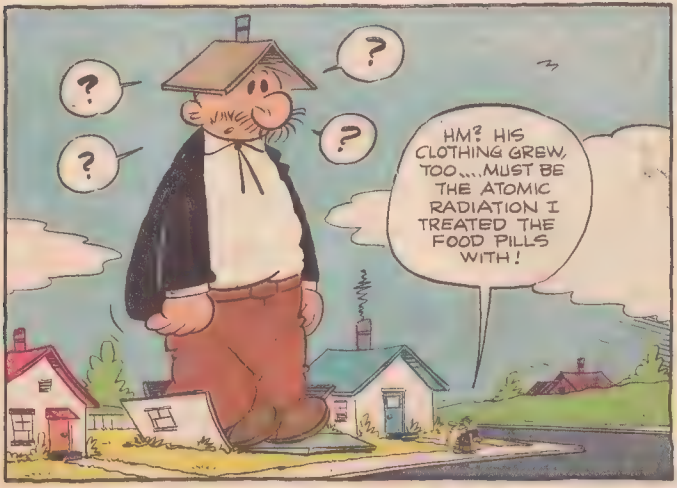
NOW I DON'T HAVE TO BUY ANY FOOD FOR SIX MONTHS!
YOU'VE EATEN A BOXCAR FULL OF FOOD! I DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN!
YOU MIGHT GET FAT!
I FEEL FUNNY!
?
YOU'RE GROWING!
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
HM? FIRST, I'D SUGGEST YOU GO ON A DIET!

I'LL HAVE TO WORK THIS PROBLEM OUT!


HE'LL GROW FOR ANOTHER TWO HOURS!


THE PILLS WILL BE USED UP IN SIX MONTHS AND THEN HE'LL SHRINK TO NORMAL SIZE!
THEY'RE BETTER THAN I THOUGHT!


YIKE!
CRUNCH!


?
?
?
?
HM? HIS CLOTHING GREW, TOO.... MUST BE THE ATOMIC RADIATION I TREATED THE FOOD PILLS WITH!

MOVE THAT MONSTER... HE'S STEPPING ON MY ROSES!
?
HE'LL HAVE TO GET OUT OF THE STREET! HE'S BLOCKING TRAFFIC!
!
?
WHERE CAN I GO?
?
?
AH! I KNOW THE PLACE! COME ON!
WHEN HE SLEEPS, HE TAKES UP THE SPACE OF TWO HUNDRED CARS... IT'LL COST FOUR HUNDRED A DAY TO PARK HIM!
?
?
HE CAN AFFORD IT FOR SIX MONTHS... HE'S SAVING ON FOOD!
PARKING 2¢ ALL DAY AND NIGHT

POPEYE
GORSH! WHAT A PRETTY RIVER!
I'M GOING TO MAKE A DITCH!
GORSH! THE WATER FOLLOWS ME DITCH SWELL!
RIGHT INTO OUR YARD!
WHEEEE!! IT'S MAKIN' A LITTLE POOL!
AHOY, POPEYE ... COME SEE THE FISH POND I MADE!
?

KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

PEOPLE of ASIA

NUMBER 4

THE JAPANESE

This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.

Kimono and snow-capped Mt. Fuji stand for Japan the Beautiful, as they have for uncounted generations of Japanese.

But Japan is modern, too! Japanese teenagers go for Western clothes and the machines and gadgets of a high speed age.

The Japanese keep Christmas with parties and gifts and, as in the United States, Santa Claus makes a very good advertising pitch.

Japan is a land of big cities, rugged mountains and little farms, where rice is still being grown and threshed with old tools.

The Japanese have always had their own kind of "grunt and groan" entertainers, in their many leviathan SUMO wrestlers.

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